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Interlopers

Dorothy Hurlburt

The breeze is an interloper.

She runs toward me today like some exuberant child
out gathering the wild scents of spring.
It is only January.

This winter I wondered
whether trees ever get cold,
and I decided that they don't.
I believe trees love all seasons the same,
and what they really delight in is change.

That is why on a summer day
this one will dream of winter,
And on a spring day
that one will dream of fall.

Now it is winter, see
how he has drenched himself
in a dream of spring.

And next summer, she
will spend an entire day, basking
not in warmth, but in some quiet chill dream
of winter.

We see the trees,
how their silence is the loudest thing about them,
how their stillness is made up of constant movement.

I have asked myself this so many times,
why this urge to call them interlopers?

This breeze,
these trees,
these travelers,
Renegades!

See how I breathe them in and live.

See how this breeze disrupts my thoughts?

See how this tree assails my mind?
How carefully I am avoiding him.
Look how he is breaking through
my carefully measured seasons,
days, times.

See how she nudges me awake?
How blindly I call her interloper.
How blithely I call him renegade.
How stubbornly I resist change.

This breeze,
these trees,
travelers,
Renegades!

New World Shakespeare

Alyssa Mertes

The velvet curtains pull back,
Thus begins the introductory
First Act.

His stage presence is a sight to behold,
Completely convincing
The blinded damsel is beginning
To fall madly in love.

The stars are aligned
Fate will cease their hands
For it has its own plan
To make these lovers confined.

End Act.

The story has slowly hatched
Leading to a brutal clash in the
Second Act.

Conflict begins
The man of the hour